

Home Mission Echoes

"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

Vol. IV.

APRIL, 1900.

No. 4.

Have you sung the
song for the
Easter day,
"Christ is risen?"
The Lord hath
opened the fast
shut doors
Of our prison;
The gates of sin
are all undone,
We can enter in
with the spot-
less One.



Courtesy of Perry Pictures Company.

510 * Tremont * Temple
Boston

"Topics of the Year."

Cuba and Puerto Rico.	JANUARY.
Alaska.	FEBRUARY.
Negroes.	MARCH.
America's Mission Field.	APRIL.
Chinese.	MAY.
Anniversary Notes.	JUNE.
Indiana.	JULY.
	AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.
The Outlook.	OCTOBER.
Mormons.	NOVEMBER.
Mexico.	DECEMBER.

HOME MISSION ECHOES.

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the general editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor. Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D. D., has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "Our Young People."

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APRIL, 1900

Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."—*Tennyson.*

Vol. IV.

APRIL, 1900.

No. 4.

The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Editorial.

THE special topic for this paper, "America's Mission Field," brings us face to face with some of the most weighty problems which confront the Christian church to-day. America, our beloved land, is rapidly changing from our earlier condition of a church-loving, church-going, Christian people, to that of a mixed population, gathered from all parts of the world, with little knowledge of our Christian traditions or sympathy with them.

They come to us from every part of the globe, crowd into the already overcrowded wards of our cities, or take possession of our rural districts, to make there their homes, and perpetuate in our land many of the evils of the lands from whence they come. Every large city in the United States has its German, Polish, French, or Italian quarter. Only a few years ago the city of New York ranked third among the German cities of the world. The population of several of our New England towns and cities are already nearly half foreign born. During the week ending March 10, 1900, more than 10,000 immigrants landed in New York City. On March 8th three steamships brought into that port 3,017 home-seekers. On the three preceding days 7,820 immigrants were admitted. More than half of these are Italians; many are Croats and Poles. At the dock in East Boston, with every incoming steamer, are a large number of foreigners who have come to make a home with us.

Notwithstanding all the safeguards with which legislation has tried to protect us against the indigent and the unworthy, still both classes are already here in large numbers, and are rapidly increasing. A few years ago, we were told by the head of the Secret Service Department in Washington, that, during the twenty years that department had been in existence, from five hundred to eight hundred counterfeiters had been caught every year, and of these all were Italians. A missionary recently attended an anarchist Sunday school in Chicago; where

three hundred pupils were being taught anarchist principles, — not Christian Socialism, but Anarchy.

While in New York City in January last we visited, one evening, the Catherine mission in the Bowery, a meeting for men, with probably one hundred and twenty-five men present, most of whom were foreigners. Of these the missionary, who had had charge of the meeting for several months, said that she had seen but four ~~or~~ five before. Most of these men had no place to lay their heads. On our way home, after ten o'clock at night, little children, from three to fifteen years of age, in large numbers, were playing on the sidewalks, bare-headed and without care.

These are but single items of the great mass of facts that reveal the condition into which our country is fast hastening. Without God and without hope they dwell among us, and their numbers are rapidly increasing. Whatever of *forms* of religion they may have, even though bearing the Christian *name*, it is in most cases rather a hindrance than a help to those who would undertake to lead them out of their darkness into the light of God. The missions conducted among them by the city churches are utterly inadequate to meet the needs of the case, even with the aid which the Home Mission Society is trying to give them from its limited resources.

And then, as our vision extends, we behold eight millions of colored people, and only a comparatively small portion of them as yet raised above the condition of barbarism. The Indians, more than half of whom are still in ignorance of God. The Chinese, with their opium dens, and sinks of infamy, and Joss houses; and our nearest neighbor, Mexico, with her ten or twelve millions of people bound fast in the superstitions of popery, and only a few rushlights in all that great republic. It has been said that "there are no heathen in this country." Are not the many millions in our land, in Alaska and Porto Rico, who are without a knowledge of God and His truth, many thousands of whom are idol and spirit worshippers, as truly heathen here as are the people in foreign lands who are in like conditions?

Annual Meeting.

THE twenty-second annual meeting of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society will be held in the Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, Mass., on Wednesday and Thursday, May 2 and 3, 1900, beginning at 2 P. M., Wednesday, and closing Thursday afternoon.

The Workers' meeting will immediately precede the first session of the annual meeting, and will be held in the same church, Wednesday morning, May 2d, at 10 A. M.

A caterer will serve substantial meals in the church for twenty-five cents per plate. Lodging and breakfast will be provided freely for all delegates from a distance. All delegates desiring such entertainment should apply to Mrs. Grace Coleman Lathrop, 424 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, Mass., as soon as possible, giving their names and addresses, and the time of their arrival, if possible. The entertaining church cannot guarantee to provide entertainment for delegates that apply later than April 22d. As it will probably be possible for the great majority of the delegates to reach their own homes after the close of the meeting Thursday afternoon, entertainment for one night only will be provided for each delegate that applies, unless she explicitly states in her application that she desires entertainment for two nights.

GRACE COLEMAN LATHROP, Clerk.

We would bring to the attention of our teachers the pictures issued by the Perry Picture Company, at Malden, Mass. These pictures are very helpful in the school-room, and they could be profitably used in our mission schools. The price is one cent each for twenty-five or more. They are reproductions of famous paintings and statuary, portraits of authors, poets, statesmen, and educators. And they also are invaluable in representing historical events, with American and foreign scenery. Our teachers would find these beautiful pictures valuable aids in their work.

We have learned with deep sorrow of the death of Rev. E. C. Mitchell, D. D., president of Leland University. While in New Orleans, La., January, 1898, we were cordially entertained in his pleasant home. We gave a sketch of his work in the March number of ECHOES, 1899. Our sympathy is extended to Mrs. Mitchell in her great sorrow, and also to the school for which he has done so much.

THE following announcement was received by the editor, last week, and it will doubtless interest all our readers. "Married, at Hyde Park, Mass., Wednesday, March 7, 1900, Miss Blanche Greenleaf Whittier to Dr. Clement Howard Hallowell." Mrs. Hallowell will continue her work as Assistant State Vice-President, of Eastern Massachusetts in her new home at Walpole, Mass. We write our hearty congratulations.

MRS. H. L. MOULTON, of Exeter, has been confirmed by the Board as director of the Portsmouth Association New Hampshire.

Child-Life in the Slums.

By Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth.

CHILD-LIFE in the slums! What a wide, weighty, awful subject to write upon! How difficult to treat in poor human language the inexpressible heart sufferings, and to depict the wretched conditions of body and soul in the all too pale colors of word expression! What heart-aches! What horror! What hopeless sadness those words conjure up to the mind of those who know of the subject from having seen and heard the sights and sounds which emanate from the slum's foul cradle of misery!

The number of slum children is legion. When you go visiting in the tenement-houses and lodging-houses, and cross the thresholds of the saloons, you find children everywhere. Children in the gutters, children almost beneath the horses' feet in the road, children in the alley-ways and on the stairs. Everywhere you see their dirty little faces; hear the cry of their shrill voices, and the patter of their little bare feet. It is true that babies are mowed down by the hundred every hot summer with dread infantile diseases, and the winter takes its harvest through diphtheria, pneumonia, cold, and hunger; and yet the crowd seems never smaller. Many of these little ones are maimed and crippled, the effect of falls, and, alas! of kicks and blows received in their infancy. Many, also, come into this distorted world of sorrow crippled to begin with, and scant food and miserable surroundings have stunted their growth and development. Hence they are to remain through life mere caricatures of human childhood.

There is another feature, which a stranger spending a day in slumdom would soon notice, namely, the most of them have very old faces. Even the little babies of but a few months old seem to have wizened features and careworn expressions; and with the children of a few years old, you can only guess their ages by their height and development, for their faces usually look years in advance of their ages.

Some of these slum children, however, are beautiful in features, with big, wistful eyes and angel expressions that make you feel, if the grime was washed off and the tangled hair smoothed into silky ringlets, they would grace any Fifth Avenue mansion with their beauty. All the greater is the shock of disillusion when you hear these very babies open their lips and pour out a stream of vile language, coupled with oaths and blasphemy. The language used by even the smallest of slum children would be a terrible revelation to the uninitiated. But it only goes to show the awful taint in the atmosphere which their moral nature draws in at every breath. The tiny toddlers in the street, quarrelling over a broken toy, or some bit of rotten fruit picked from the gutter, will shriek at each other, "I'll knife you," or "I'll kill you," in the most threatening and passionate manner. But these are only the echoes of more cruel threats made in dead earnest, and sometimes carried out before their very eyes by those in whose steps they are following.—*Missionary Review.*

Low Tide of Lynchings.

Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer.—1 JOHN 3:15.

STATISTICS compiled by the Chicago *Tribune* seem to show that the practice of lynching in the United States is distinctly on the wane. The number last year was the lowest on record in at least fifteen years, being only about one to 650,000 of the nation's population. The following table shows the annual number of lynchings since 1884: 1885, 184; 1886, 138; 1887, 122; 1888, 142; 1889, 176; 1890, 127; 1891, 192; 1892, 235; 1893, 200; 1894, 190; 1895, 171; 1896, 131; 1897, 166; 1898, 127; 1899, 107.

More than 90 per cent. of the lynchings of 1899 took place in the Southern States, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Arkansas leading in the order named. Of the 107 victims, 84 were negroes and 23 white. The alleged crimes for which they were killed were classified thus: Murder, 45; complicity in murder, 11; assault, 11; charges of assault, 6; bad reputation, 5; arson, 6; race prejudice, 5; robbery, 5; unknown offences, 4; aiding criminals to escape, 3; suspected arson, 1; inflammatory language, 1; no offence alleged, 1; mistaken identity, 1; highway robbery, 1; arson and murder, 1.

It will be seen from this list that the usual crime which the defenders of mob murder plead as a justification of their summary executions cuts a very small figure in the actual statistics. It has also been shown, notably in the message of Governor Atkinson to the Georgia Legislature in 1897, that many of the victims are innocent, and that great and irreparable injustices would be averted, if the law were allowed to take its course. Prof. Booker T. Washington holds that the practice of lynching also reacts on the community, brutalizing the people, deterring desirable residents from settling in such lawless neighborhoods, and checking business prosperity. — *Homiletic Review*.

Sweat Shop Work in Tenements.

Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—MATT. 11:28.

DR. ANNA S. DANIELS, out-of-door physician of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, made an interesting report to the New York City Church Association for the Advancement of the Interests of Labor, a few weeks ago, in which she told of her work in the tenements, and the sad conditions she found there. Many of the families live by making clothing at starvation prices, men, women, and children working furiously from

early morning till late into the night, and then getting but \$1.50 to \$3.00 apiece per week for their heart-breaking toil. Worse still, she found among the workers a number of contagious diseases, which could not help endangering the health of all who handle and wear the clothing. Some of her statistics, which also show the terribly crowded condition of the New York poor, are as follows:

East Twelfth Street, Austrians: disease, pulmonary tuberculosis; finishing coats; four rooms, two light; rent, \$14; two families, seven persons in apartment.

East Fourteenth Street, rear house, Italians: measles, died; finishing trousers: two rooms, one light; rent, \$6.50; one family with two lodgers.

Fifth Street, rear, Russians: three cases measles; outing flannel shirt-waists and women's wrappers entire, including button-holes; waists, 3 1-2 to 4 cents each; wrappers, 10 cents each; this place is at times a sweat shop, employing three women and three men, with two sewing-machines; now at time of illness in family, two men and one woman employed; three rooms, two light; rent, \$7.50.

Elizabeth Street, Italians: trousers; three rooms, one light, two on air-shaft; rent, \$6; two families; measles."



MISS ALICE M. PAXTON.

Normal Course, Class of '98. Teacher in Spelman Seminary.

WE were pained to learn of the death of Mrs. Harriet K. Garland, who was the founder of the missionary work in the Central Avenue Baptist church, Dover, N. H. Mrs. Garland organized the society in 1873, and until her death was an ardent supporter of its work. By her home going the church and the missionary societies have sustained a great loss.

THE only Joss house in New England was dedicated in Worcester, Mass., the second week in March. A Chinese secret society was also organized at the same time.

Be Strong!

By Malbie D. Babcock, D. D.

Be strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle, — face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!

Say not the days are evil. Who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce, — oh, shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!

It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not, — fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

New York City.

Monterey, Mexico.



E gave the school a ride out to Topo Chico Springs, the other afternoon, as the cars going out there have been running free lately.

There was an elegantly dressed old lady in one of the cars, and she told us they were not free any longer. That was because she did not want us to be in there; but I asked the conductor, and he said for us to go in. The American lady began to hold up her silks and to tell the children not to make any noise. One of our girls was sitting in front of her, reading a New Testament. As soon as the lady saw her, she grabbed it away from her and asked her if she were a Protestant, and about the school.

I asked the conductor if the children might sing some, and he said if the lady wouldn't object it would be all right. So I went and spoke to her in English. She seemed to be surprised to hear me speak English, and said she would like to hear the children. We struck up with some hymns the children had learned at school, and when we got through she asked us to sing another, and so on till we got to Topo Chico, where she stopped at the large black marble hotel that belongs to her, as the conductor afterwards told us. She said she had been educated in a convent, but that she was an Episcopalian. I asked her if there were any Sunday schools at Topo Chico, and she said there was not anything of the kind, and that we ought to establish one out there. We mean to go there sometime; she may help us get some scholars.

We came in a different car, and I saw a little boy on the platform with a book in his hand. I asked him what it was, and he handed it over to me. It was "El Martir del Calvario," "A Martyr of Calvary." It had a good many pictures about Christ, and I held it up and began asking the children questions, which they answered very well and in chorus, they were so well acquainted with them. I gave the book back to the little boy, who said it was his father's—the conductor. Then I turned to him and asked if he were a Protestant. He said he did not know anything about them; that he bought that book, and liked it very much. I told him to buy a Bible, and asked him to come to our church. He said he enjoyed having heard the children answer so well about the book, and hearing the songs.

We were back in town by that time, and we let the children go home, while we, the teachers, went to the International depot to ask permission to put some religious papers at the waiting room for the people to read. They let us do it, and last Sunday some of us took some papers, one in English, and put them up on the walls. We hope some good will come out of it.

Mrs. Reynolds, do you think somebody over there could send me some tracts written in Chinese? There are so many Chinamen here, and nobody cares for them; they don't go to any church, as they hardly understand Spanish.

No. 46 General Tapia.

ORELIA ROCHA.

Anadarko, Oklahoma Territory.

THE month of February has been very cold here most of the time. Your missionary has tried to put in every day during the month in some way; has preached nine times, two have been baptized, two have died; have held ten religious conversations with individuals about their souls, made twenty-two family visits, found two white families without Bibles, made three Sunday-school addresses, relieved several indigents, attended two prayer-meetings, attended two funerals, have given forty dollars of my salary to missions, and will soon remember your society; have made nine visits to the sick, and travelled several hundred miles to do this work.

I have been preaching twice a month at the River Side Government School, but recently the Department has transferred Superintendent Rigg, who was favorable to our work, and a good man; and his successor may be a man not so well disposed toward us, and I don't know how it will be. There are two Catholic teachers in the school, and they have made complaint to the agent that I was preaching sectarian doctrine in the school (whatever that may mean), and tried to prevent my preaching, but Superintendent Rigg told the agent it was not so, and defended me. Superintendent Rigg is a Presbyterian.

It has not been our privilege to have our Christian children with us at the Caddo chapel one time this year. We hope to have them with us at a communion service when the weather moderates.

We shall be glad to know we have the prayers and sympathy of those interested in our work here. Jude 1: 24, 25. Feb. 28, 1900.

D. NOBLE CRANE.

Atoka Baptist Academy, Indian Territory.

THE health of our family seems almost marvellous. It is seldom any child is in bed for more than a day or two, and the attendance at school is thus much higher than last year, when we had so much sickness throughout the year.

We have had some very interesting little meetings with the home children, sometimes quite impromptu, where it seemed nothing else could appropriately fill the time, when the Spirit seemed to lead all minds, even of the younger ones.

In my evenings with the little ones I sometimes have industrial work, and sometimes conversation and games in our circle in the dining-room.

Last Tuesday evening I was trying to lead them out as to what they thought they would like to do or be when they are "grown up." Many had expressed themselves quite freely, when one boy, ten years old, stood and said, very slowly, "When I am grown I want to be—a Christian." We were all a little surprised at the turn his thoughts seemed to take, but I talked with them, telling them they need not wait, and we had such a dear prayer-meeting right there. Two other of those boys said they wanted to become Christians. And while they know so little English, I am sure they understand what it is to take Jesus into their hearts and be His boys.

Feb. 28, 1900.

MARY HORNEY.

The Battle Only Half Won.

BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS, the defiant polygamist, has been sent back to his polygamous homes. Public sentiment has written over the doors of our National Capitol, "No polygamist shall enter here." Roberts has been defeated, but Roberts is only one incident in the long line of treasonable plottings of the Mormon church. Back of Roberts looms the Mormon hierarchy, for the moment dumfounded, but defiant still, at the national uprising which has hurled back from Washington their chosen apostle.

It Fears Public Opinion.

The battle is only half won. Roberts goes back, but he goes to practise his polygamy, and to aid the church in teaching its base doctrines. If the Mormon church dared, it would lionize B. H. Roberts, and pose him as a martyr. It is, however, so afraid of American public opinion, that the Mormon church pretends to have no special interest in Roberts or in his rejection by Congress. Privately, however, the Mormon church will honor Roberts, and will still use him to carry out its deep laid and cunning plots.

Polygamy Not Dead.

No! polygamy is not dead. Not until our National Congress shall, through the Constitution of the United States, make polygamy a national crime, will the battle against this vile octopus be won. The women of America have a duty still to perform, a fight yet to wage.

Not until a Constitutional Amendment has been enacted will the doom of polygamy in the United States be sealed. The leaders of the Mormon church, from the beginning, have been morally corrupt. They have made the name of Utah a byword and a hissing in the nation. Not until Utah tears herself loose from the Mormon church, will she be able to shine as a star in a constellation of her sister States.

They Long to be Free.

Scores of the younger men of Utah long to be free American citizens, to think for themselves and act for themselves, but the grip of the Mormon hierarchy is at their throats. "Obey, or sudden destruction will come upon you!" is the threat of the church. In past years the knife of the Danites has stifled in blood many an aspiration for freedom from the rule of the Mormon hierarchy. More than one gray-haired "saint," still high in the affairs of the Mormon church, could reveal deeds of blood and horror committed by these official assassins of the church.

So cunningly and so strongly has the Mormon church bound the chains of priestly authority and superstition around every department of political and business activity, and into the homes and actions and life of the people, that few have the moral courage to dare the wrath of a disobeyed priesthood.

Still, we believe the time will come when the young men of Utah will rise in their might and hurl the gray-haired polygamous church leaders from their seats of power and

oppression, and demand for themselves and for their children the rights of American citizens.

Mormon Lobby at Washington.

Do you know that the Mormon church maintains a lobby at Washington to fight against a Constitutional Amendment prohibiting polygamy? Why? Because polygamy runs through the very warp and woof of their religious system, and a Constitutional Amendment would tear out the very vitals of their polygamous religion. The Mormon leaders know this, and they will fight to the death before they will permit a Constitutional Amendment to be enacted. A Constitutional Amendment prohibiting polygamy will be the salvation, not only of Utah, but of Idaho, Wyoming, Nevada, Arizona, and New Mexico. In all these States polygamy is taught and practised, and the power and dictation of the priesthood is felt in church and State.

Agitate for a Constitutional Amendment. Create public sentiment and Congress will again listen to the commands of the people.

Porto Rico.

MRS. JANIE PRITCHARD DUGGAN, our missionary at Porto Rico, has spent six weeks at Adjuntas, a short distance from Ponce. She writes that last year Mr. Rudd was at this place, and laid the foundation of a large Bible class of children. These little ones, and many more, delighted Mrs. Duggan's heart by their childish faithfulness. The women's classes were small, but the members were responsive. Mr. Rudd came up every fortnight and held services in the hired hall, and the services were well attended. As yet there have been no baptisms, as much teaching is needed to rouse the dulled consciousness of the people. The great hope is in the children, who are like little lambs without a shepherd. Mrs. Duggan intends to go to Adjuntas occasionally, as she says they must manage to spread out their small forces now, when they can do more evangelizing than may be possible a few years hence.

A LONE! to land alone upon that shore;
To begin alone to live forevermore;

To have no one to teach
The manners or the speech

Of that new life, or put us at our ease —
Oh, that we might die in pairs or companies!

Alone! No! God hath been there long before!
Eternally hath waited on that shore

For us who were to come
To our eternal home,

And He hath taught His angels to prepare
In what way we are to be welcomed there.

So not alone we land upon that shore;
'Twill be as though we had been there before.

We shall meet more we know
Than we can meet below,

And find our rest like some returning dove,
And be at home at once with our Eternal Love.

—F. W. Fisher.



American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Revival in Indian University.



THE religious character of the educational work of the American Baptist Home Mission Society is well illustrated in the gracious work at Indian University, Indian Territory. President Scott, writing Feb. 13th, says: "I write a word this morning to inform you of a most remarkable revival that is in progress at Indian University. This is the third year of my connection with the school. We have had revivals each year, but surely the one now in progress for spiritual power and quiet intensity greatly surpasses anything I have ever experienced. It now looks as if nearly if not quite every pupil will be converted. Rev. C. Stubblefield is assisting us. I will write you more fully in a day or two regarding it. This is to thank you, and our good people at the Rooms, that the efforts put forth here are producing gracious results."

Hungry for the Gospel.

IT was in southwestern Nebraska that a missionary went to a locality entirely destitute of religious privileges. At the time and place announced for his services, he was met by many, some of whom had come from a distance to hear him. He preached a sermon to a deeply attentive congregation. After its close they said: "We may not hear another sermon in a year; won't you preach to us again now?" And he did.

At another place, where a Fourth of July celebration was in progress, in response to the earnest request of the people, he preached to them. A good way of celebrating the day.

In one town he preached where the people had not heard a sermon in four years. Certainly it is a pleasure to give to hungry souls the Bread of Life.

OF one thing let us be persuaded: there is need of a large increase in giving on the part of the disciples of Christ. Either God's providence has been altogether rash, or the church is withholding that which belongs to the treasury of her Lord. A supreme question of the hour, a question upon whose prompt settlement, the future of nations—the future of the Redeemer's kingdom—depends, is this: What can be done to secure enlarged offerings from the followers of Christ? We are living in a day of golden opportunities, but of boundless perils. "To be living is sublime."

Common Schools and Negro Education in the South.

THE last report of the United States Commissioner of Education shows that the total enrolment in the public schools of the South for the year 1897-98 was 5,620,553, the number of white children being 4,113,811, and the number of colored children, 1,506,742. The estimated number of children in the sixteen Southern States and the District of Columbia was 8,673,550. Of this number, 5,828,980, or 67.35 per cent., were white children, and 2,844,570, or 32.65 per cent., were children of the negro race. Of the white children, 70.58 per cent. were enrolled in the public schools, and of the colored children, 52.97 per cent. The increase in attendance since 1890 has been 4.29 for the white, and 1.32 for the colored children. In schools for the colored children there were 26,909 colored teachers.

The total expenditure for the public schools of the South for 1897-98 was \$31,217,479. Separate accounts of expenditures for colored schools are not kept by the State authorities, but it is estimated that the cost of public schools for the colored children was about \$6,575,000.

Living or Dead Memorials.

D R. D. K. PEARSONS, of Chicago, who has given so much money to colleges, thus explains why he prefers to help colleges: "Monuments and commemorative arches stand as beautiful memorials to posterity, and their utility and use are not to be decried. While being built they furnish employment to thousands, and offer means to distribute in proper manner large sums of money among the masses. But, once finished, they become dead memorials; their active functions cease. Libraries are better as a living and working agency for the uplifting of the masses, but they do not possess the direct and more active functions of the school and the college. The school and the college live, just as does the memorial in cold statuesque granite, and their functions never cease. Education goes on from day to day. Washingtons, Lincolns, Grants are made, statesmen are evolved, and thinkers are moulded. The nation is served, and humanity is benefited. I believe in the college. It hammers away steadily and unceasingly from year to year."

The Home Mission Society's schools for the colored people and the Indians afford a splendid opportunity for the erection of living memorials where they are most needed. Some are wisely using this means of serving humanity and advancing the kingdom of God.

From the City to the Gulf.



WE had about concluded that an experience of three years in Burma and eleven in Mexico had shown us all varieties of foreign mission work, including the pleasant, the difficult, and the disagreeable. But the trip just completed to this little city of Tuxpam beats anything in the way of hardship that we have ever experienced. Three weeks on the mountains, in a tropical region, with the ground soaked with water, the air alive with insects that sought our life at every pore, no roads anywhere, our path leading through a dense forest, where both hands must be employed to lift brush and briars from our way, our mule picking his way over fallen trees, and sliding down into ravines whose darkness filled us with forebodings of attacks by beasts or bandits, with the most unpalatable food for our daily meal, and a blanket for a bed at night,—these are suggestions of what we met in a trip from the city of Mexico to Tuxpam, over the mountains that lie between the two places, perhaps two hundred miles apart.

Not all of the three weeks was spent in travel. A number of days were passed in the American colony of Metlatoyuca, in the secluded but comfortable home of a California couple who are renewing the experiences of American pioneers in their endeavors to replace these forests with coffee and rubber plantations. In some of these homes, where our countrymen are battling with difficulties but little understood in the United States, religion has its place. Not all the Americans who come here leave their Bible and their faith on the northern side of the Rio Grande, and not all spend their Sundays at bull-fights. There are homes buried away in the heart of almost impenetrable forests, where Christ reigns as king, and where the children, in lieu of schools and academies, gather daily about their mother to receive from her lips instruction in things secular and divine.

Numerous towns and villages are hidden away in these mountains, nearly all of them as unacquainted with the gospel of Christ as is Central Tibet. The people live by gathering wild rubber and "chicle" (chewing-gum), by cultivating little patches of corn, or by driving pack-mules, laden with the necessities of life over the narrow pathways that wind along dizzy heights, where a single false step would hurl one to destruction. A church, even of the Roman Catholic faith, is seldom seen, and schools are still rare. We saw no priest during the journey, and diligent inquiry brought to light only one school—a primary affair in the town of Castillo, the teacher of which informed us that he "used no books," but taught entirely by "the oral method." We went in. There were indeed no books. A single map hung on the wall. A dozen boys were present, sitting back of very primitive and empty desks. A magnificent ruin of an ancient Aztec temple stood directly across the road in front of the schoolhouse. We asked the teacher and the boys a few questions about

it and the early history of Mexico. But there was no answer. Their faces were as blank as the chalk cliffs of Old Albion. Probably the only information they ever received about the ancient pile before them, they got from an American.

The objective point of our trip was Tuxpam, which we reached Feb. 13th. This is a seaport town of some ten thousand inhabitants, lying at the mouth of the Tuxpam River, about midway between Tampico and Vera Cruz, with which it is connected by a line of little Mexican steamers. These seldom "connect," however, owing to a bar at the mouth of the river, which prevents the entrance of boats of any respectable size, and which calls into requisition the services of a diminutive tug-boat to carry passengers to and fro. Naturally, "when the breezes blow," the tug cannot make her trip, and waiting passengers are compelled to remain in their hotels for at least another week. That is the good fortune of your missionary at present.

Tuxpam has never had the gospel. It has never seen the Bible, a tract, nor a religious newspaper. I have rented an unoccupied house, and will hold daily preaching services until a vessel comes to carry me to Vera Cruz. I have conversed with large numbers of people, and find them all most hospitable to the truth. I should greatly like to see the Home Mission Society and the Woman's Society of Boston have an established work in this port, but it may be difficult to bring about. Owing to the isolation of the town. Two hundred miles of almost impenetrable forest behind it, and enormous obstacles in reaching it by sea! But its very isolation may be the call of God to us to go in and possess it. WILLIAM H. SLOAN.

Tuxpam, State of Vera Cruz, Mexico, Feb. 13, 1900.

Cuban Revolt Against Papal Dictation.

THE American spirit of independence has entered into religious affairs in Cuba. The Cubans propose to have something to say about the men who are to become their spiritual overseers in the Roman Catholic church. This is a hopeful sign of the times that the day of Cuba's emancipation from religious tyranny is approaching. It shows, also, that there is a golden opportunity for evangelical Christianity now in that island. The following is the despatch from Havana, Feb. 22, 1900:

"The second meeting, convened to organize public opposition to the assumption by Monsignor Sbarretti of the functions of Bishop of Havana, on the ground that he is a foreigner, was held last evening. It was then stated that, in consequence of the 'machinations of the Jesuits,' women had been induced to send him telegrams, congratulating him upon his appointment and his forthcoming appearance here. In view of the impossibility of preventing the arrival of Monsignor Sbarretti, it was decided to call a mass meeting, to be held on the square in front of the cathedral, a week after his coming, to protest against his entrance upon his ecclesiastical duties. It was also decided that committees should be organized throughout the island to work for the 'isolation' of Monsignor Sbarretti in case it should be impossible to secure his recall."

Times of Refreshing in Western Mission Fields.

REV. N. B. RAIDEN, after an extended visit in the Division of which he is the general superintendent gives cheering items of interest concerning the spiritual condition of our work in the West. He says:

"Reports show that there has been a fine spiritual condition prevalent in Iowa. Large numbers have been added to our churches by conversion and baptism. The Lord is manifesting his power in building up the churches. I am especially pleased with these signs of spiritual growth. The reports of the district missionaries and evangelists show that much has been done in the way of special meetings, and with very encouraging results."

"The reports of large ingatherings in Nebraska continue to come in. At Palestine, a country church, between sixty and seventy have professed conversion, and most of them will unite with our church."

"The conditions of our work in Kansas continue to improve. Many of the churches have been blessed with revivals. The church at Garnett, for several years in a serious decline, has received a great refreshing. — some thirty additions, — and, under the inspiration of this ingathering, they have started out to build a new house of worship, which has been greatly needed. Quite a revival has been enjoyed by the Lincoln church, some twenty-five having been added during the meetings held by my brother, J. R. Raiden, district missionary. There seems to be an effort on the part of our Kansas churches to pay up church debts, for which I am very thankful. I attended the Board meeting in Indian Territory, the 7th of February. The reports of various missionaries show a good condition and good progress being made. The important fields are all now occupied, and in almost every church there have been additions by conversion and baptism during the past month. A better state of feeling is apparent. The steady influence of coöperation with the Society is marked, and the missionaries, as a rule, are doing excellent work."

"In Oklahoma a splendid revival has been experienced at Stillwater, where the church has been more than doubled in strength. This is an important town, the seat of the Territorial Agricultural College. The work among our Indian missions progresses about the same as usual. There have been several conversions and baptisms both in the Cheyenne missions and among the Kiowas."

"The First Church, Colorado Springs, has recently raised \$19,000 on one Sunday, which entirely wiped out

the debt of that church, and provided \$4,300 for the establishment of a new church in the northern part of the city, to be known as the H. C. Woods Memorial Church; \$4,000 of this amount was given by the two nephews of Dr. Woods.

"At Sheridan, Wyoming, forty-four were added to the church as a result of the meetings held by Mr. and Mrs. Rozelle. However, Brother Dent, our missionary there, feels that he ought to leave the field as soon as we can find a suitable man to take up the work. Reports from Brother Limes most earnestly beg us for the help of Brother Rozelle in special meetings in the Big Horn Basin."

Poles, Slavs, Hungarians, and Magyars.

REV. JOHN WALLACE, missionary to the foreign populations in Wyoming Valley, Pa., writes: "I have been going over the field, which is a large one, consisting of 40,000 foreign-speaking peoples, who are Poles, Slavs, Russians, Hungarians, and Magyars. In many of the mining towns of this valley these people number from

one-half to two-thirds of their entire population.

I am pleased to report that of the 1,840 families visited, 520 are Protestants. They have a kind of Christianity, without regeneration, and are not entirely free from all the superstitions of the Roman and Greek Catholic churches. They seem pleased to learn that a Baptist missionary is moving among them, and they receive me very kindly.

"About 75 of them at one of the towns came

to hear me. They listened with rapt attention to the simple gospel, and eagerly drank in every word."

He tells of a woman who was greatly distressed, because her child had to be buried in "unconsecrated ground," fearing that because the cemetery had not been "blessed" the child's eternal welfare might be in doubt. They have a faint glimmering of the light, and are reaching forth for something higher. Let us, as Baptists, and from love to Christ, be equal to our duty to give the gospel to these people.

IT is hard lines, indeed, when self-supporting Indians, who have been successful cultivators of the soil for a half century at least, should be forced into distressing poverty and dependence by having the water which irrigated their lands virtually stolen from them. Such is the case of the Pima Indians of Arizona, among whom there are to-day some 800 Presbyterian church-members. These Indians have never had their self-reliance vitiated by the ration system. Must they be forced now to resort to this aid or starve?



A MISSION HOME.

Fresh Emphasis on the Importance of City Missions.

THE prominence given in the will of the late Daniel S. Ford, of Massachusetts, to the religious condition and needs of the workingmen in our cities, and his munificent provision whereby in some measure those needs shall be met, give fresh emphasis to the importance of greater effort everywhere for the evangelization of our large cities. Liberal as were his bequests to other objects, that to the Baptist Social Union, of Boston, for city missions is larger than any other. First is the specific sum of \$350,000 for a suitable building for the Union, and for other purposes that will tend to make it headquarters for the Baptists of Boston and vicinity; so that there may be a community of interest and purpose, prerequisite to large and effective effort. He evidently regarded such a building as the domicile of the noble spirits composing the Social Union, like an electrical plant for the generation of energy that shall be converted into light for those in darkness, and warmth for those in the chilly atmosphere of friendlessness, and invigoration of purpose for those discouraged, dejected, and in despair. So may it be.

In addition to all this, Mr. Ford's provision for the maintenance of religious agencies, adapted to reach and win the unchurched multitudes, is equally liberal. For many years he has given thousands of dollars annually to the Ruggles Street Baptist Church for these purposes. His will directs that \$20,000 per year for two years be given to the church, and then, presumably upon the settlement of the estate, that the net income of the large building occupied by *The Youth's Companion* shall go to the Social Union for the same or similar work there or elsewhere in Boston, in accordance with general directions of the will. Probably this income will exceed the amount that has heretofore been given annually for this work.

With what satisfaction must he for many years have cherished his high ideal of establishing a spiritual power house in the city; and with what gladness did he contemplate the vision of its working, as, in addition to the \$350,000 for the property, every decade shall see probably \$250,000 going into this work for Him who wept over obdurate Jerusalem. How Mr. Ford yearned for the neglected and unshepherded multitudes his will clearly attests. His thoughtful, earnest utterances therein are rendered eloquent by his noble deed. It is a clarion call, from one who has a right to be heard, to other men of wealth to give most generously for the salvation of our cities.

CHRIST also waits, but men are slow and late.
Have we done what we could? Have I? Have you?

A cloud of witnesses above encompass us,
We love to think of all they see and know;
But what of this great multitude in peril, who sadly wait below?
Oh, let this thrilling vision daily move us
To earnest prayer and deeds before unknown;
That souls redeemed from many lands may join us,
When Christ brings home his own.

The Philippine Whiskey Scandal.

ANOTHER temperance measure, of the first importance, has been brought before the House of Representatives. It is a bill introduced by Mr. Gillett, of Massachusetts, to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors in the Philippines. It provides, in substance, that no persons, except on a physician's prescription, shall sell distilled and intoxicating liquors in quantity less than twenty gallons, under penalty of from fifty to one thousand dollars. Such a law would practically prohibit the retailing of the American whiskey and rum now being imported in large quantities. If it does not include beer, it should be so amended as to prohibit that.

Mr. Gillett says that he was led to introduce the bill by the representations that President Schurman, Bishop Thoburn, and other eye-witnesses have made of the demoralizing effects already produced by liquor in the Philippines.

Here is a chance for practical temperance work in urging, by petitions, and by personal letters, the passage of this bill. Too long has the President's failure to curtail the liquor traffic permitted the scandalous debauchery of the Filipinos to go on. Now is the time for every lover of fairness and decency to help wipe out a national disgrace.

Spring Tide of Immigration.

MORE than 10,000 immigrants were landed at New York, last week, and of this number about half were Italians who came expecting to be employed in the new subway. Should the legislature decree that only citizens of the United States shall be employed, many of them will doubtless be able to borrow naturalization papers of Antonio, Giuseppe, or Vincenzo, for it is one of the weaknesses of these documents that they contain no personal description of the men to whom they are issued. New York is already swarming with unemployed laborers, and droves of heathenish ignorance and poverty eke out a miserable existence in overcrowded tenement-houses, cellars, alleys, and gutters. Croats and Poles come in large numbers, and are pushed on to the mining regions of Pennsylvania to complicate the labor troubles there. The census of 1890 showed very clearly what heavy prices we are paying for alien criminals, paupers, and insane; but, as yet, no single one of the natural inferences from such a publication has been embodied in the statutes. America is wide enough for millions of immigrants, but the cities are already too crowded for the admission of more than one out of a hundred that are insisting on a place to work in them.—*Zion's Herald*.

EXTENSIVE and very important changes are now being made at Spelman Seminary, Atlanta, Ga., and it is confidently hoped that by the beginning of the new school year the school will be finely equipped.

It is desirable that all subscriptions to HOME MISSION ECHOES be paid in advance.

Porto Rico Urges Speedy Relief.

A GATHERING of 10,000 persons, held by the San Juan Chamber of Commerce, gathered at the palace of the governor-general, to-day, to submit a petition with reference to the needs of the island.

The deputation selected to present it was received, in the absence of Gen. Davis, who was indisposed, by Lieut.-Col. Hall, adjutant-general, who expressed pleasure at seeing so many people who were interested in a question of such importance, and assured them that Porto Rico would receive justice.

An account of to-day's proceedings will be transmitted to Washington.

The crowd was orderly, and dispersed without confusion amid "vivas" for the United States and the governor-general. This is the text of the petition;

"The people of Porto Rico, of all classes, represented by the mayor of this city and by the Chamber of Commerce, in peaceful assembly convened, call upon Gov. Gen. Davis respectfully to direct his attention, and through him the attention of Washington, to these most salient points of the present critical condition of the island

"1. The consternation into which the business community in general has been thrown on account of recent cabled news from the United States, setting forth the negative attitude of the Senate as regards the tariff question.

"2. The utter inability of the island to hold out much longer under existing conditions, as the Senate's delay in coming to a decision on the tariff simply aggravates the almost absolute state of penury throughout the island.

"3. The urgent necessity of a final settlement of the question as a means of saving to their owners, mostly men of small means, the sugar and tobacco crops, which would pass under the control of speculators if no conclusion should soon be reached; this being the time for planting new crops, and a failure to act promptly being also calculated to have most prejudicial results.

"4. The distress and alarm that are daily becoming more harassing in all branches of trade; owing to the virtual lack of a fixed and definite standard for transactions, and the grave apprehensions as to the future now so generally entertained by all merchants.

"5. The absence of buyers for products which, with the loss of their former markets as a consequence of the new régime, are now at a practical standstill.

"6. The enormous depreciation of property, more especially on the plantations, and the ruin staring a majority of planters in the face, as the result of the natural uneasiness which has made itself felt among capitalists and loan institutions, leading them to curtail or to shut off entirely the credit necessary in moving crops.

"7. The lack of power, as well as the absence of credit, to contract a loan for the relief of the most of the present necessities and the development of resources.

"8. The need of undertakings of a public nature instead of relief supplies which, although necessary, tend to make paupers of the working classes.

"These statements, respectfully made, your petitioners

respectfully request the governor-general to bring to the knowledge of the government at Washington, trusting that a favorable solution speedily be found."

San Juan, March 19.

Home Missions.

IT was a mining town out West. In a few weeks thousands had rushed into it. If there was there a virtuous woman or a praying man, no one seemed to know it. On nearly every corner was a gambling hell; between, the dramshop, with the brothel up-stairs. Almost nightly there was a murder, so the morning inquiry at the hotel breakfast table was: "Whose turn was it, last night?"

One day a young Methodist preacher and his wife came to town. The news spread rapidly, and everywhere it was agreed that that town had "no use for any confounded preacher. Women were scarce, and he might leave the gal. If he tried to convert the town, buzzards would eat his carcass." The young man and his wife went together and distributed cards of invitation to a meeting the next day (Sunday) in the dining-room of the hotel. It was a strange gathering. The only women present were the young preacher's wife, the hotel-keeper's wife, and the old negro cook. A few men sat in the rear of the room, and many more stood or walked outside. Every man wore a pistol, some wore two. The young preacher told them that he had come there because, though they were prodigals, wasting their substance with riotous living, God was their loving Father, and he yearned for them to come home. The wife sang very sweetly some simple gospel songs, and not a few of the men rubbed their sleeves across their eyes. There was a shanty at the edge of the town, used for a while as a blacksmith shop, but just now empty. The young preacher invited the people to come there every night for a week, and he would preach to them. They came and he preached. Many scoffed, some cursed, and a few timidly confessed the truth of the preaching. The promoters of iniquity said, "If this thing goes on, it will ruin the town. We had enough of them confounded preachers before we came here." That night a drunken mob rushed down on the meeting. While the young preacher was on his knees praying, he was shot from behind and fell over dead against his wife. She next day bore his body away from the scene of his martyrdom. But other preachers came. The Methodists sent another. The Baptists one, and some others one. The community was aroused by the murder of its first messenger from God, and, though it did not punish the murderer, it protected other preachers. Scores of men were converted (and some women). Churches were built, schools were opened, many good people moved in, violence and lawlessness were put down, peace and quiet reigned. All evil was not removed, but its most hideous forms hid their faces. A lawless camp of barbarous ruffians, murderers, robbers, fornicators, prostitutes, became an orderly city of Christian men and women. The bacchanalian revel has given place to songs of praise to God. In the streets the haunting figure of the child of shame has yielded place to sweet and gentle childhood and pure, noble womanhood. Home missions did it. Where? At many a place, especially at Leadville, Colorado.—*Selected.*



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

CONDUCTED BY
ANNA SARGENT HUNT.

Our Girls.



S we have dwelt so much more frequently on the mission work done for the peoples in whose special interest our school work is carried on, it seems fitting this month to think of those who come to our shores from other countries. We have witnessed the landing of thousands of immigrants at Castle Garden and Ellis Island. We have seen the kindly Christian greeting given by the missionaries to the new-comers, and have caught some of their words of advice and counsel. We have noted the bright faces of the young girls, and were glad to visit the Immigrant Girls' Home, and to see the influences about those who come to its shelter. From an article,

"The New World's Welcome," in February *Silver Cross*, we take the following extract:

"Bridget from her home amid the peat bogs of old Ireland, Frieda from the fords of Sweden, Maggie from the Scotch highlands, Katrina, with her stolid German ways, and sturdy English Mary—these, as types of many others, come daily to the 'first house in America,' the Barge Office, at the extreme southern end of Manhattan Island.

"One can but wonder what are the thoughts of immigrants as the steamship enters the Narrows, passes between the Statue of Liberty on the one hand, and the insignia of war on the other, until the lifting of the horizon reveals the wonderful sky-line of lower New York. Tier upon tier rise its tower-like buildings, dizzying even to accustomed eyes. What must they seem to one coming to them for the first time; 'a stranger in a strange land'?"

"Leaving the steerage that has been their home for weary days, Bridget and Katrina and the rest run the gauntlet of officials. In long lines, each tagged like an express package, they pass before a desk on which are piles of immigrant lists. Their answers here must correspond with the replies given to the same questions at the beginning of the

journey. If the weariness of the voyage, or the confusion of the new life around them, causes uncertainty or variation, they must stand aside and bide their time—or, rather, the time of the officials—for future examination.

"If they 'pass,' they become part of a large company of men and women waiting permission to set foot upon the free soil of America.

"Free? Yes, and therein lies danger for blue-eyed Frieda and rosy-cheeked Maggie. Free for the messengers of sin, free for the black-hearted emissaries who seem like angels of light, or friends with outstretched hands to greet the new-comer.

"But free, also, thank God, for the true hearts and wise heads of those who know the traps set for the innocent but ignorant young lives; and are ready to point out the safe way.

"It is a revelation to go with Miss Mathews, the representative of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, on her rounds at the landing station. Here she finds, perhaps, a family—mother and children—in dismay, almost in despair, because the father has failed to meet them. The kindly search of the missionary discovers the father in an outer room, waiting no less eagerly than his loved ones, and as ignorant as they of how the family may be brought together. Willing as interpreters and other officials may be, they cannot do everything at once, and the missionary's help saves long hours of suspense and suffering.

"A carefully selected leaflet in her own language, brings tearful thanks from a patient little woman, for whom it beguiles weary hours of waiting for a train to the far West.

"But to Mary and Maggie, and girls like them, girls who are seeking honest work in good homes in the New World, Miss Mathews bears the welcome of a home where they may find safe shelter, and from which they may go to homes equally safe, because carefully chosen by those competent to choose. The Immigrant Girls' Home, a large, pleasant house situated near the Barge Office, is a home indeed to hundreds of girls who might otherwise find worse than death lying in wait for them on these shores. For Catholic girls, the mission of Our Lady of the Rosary gives similar welcome and safety.

"There is a steady demand for the services of these girls, and, while they wait for a 'place,' they receive constant training, through the home-life, for the duties that are before them."

Our Little folks.



What Three Little Boys Said.

I. IF I'd been born an Eskimo,
Up in the land of ice and snow,
I should dress in skins and eat raw fat;
I shouldn't like to live like that.

II. If I had grown up a little Dutch child,
How prim I should be I quite gentle and mild.
In wooden shoes I'd clatter about,
I wonder if they ever do wear out?

III. If a Chinese baby I'd happened to be,
I'd have a queer alphabet taught to me;
And shouldn't I be in a pretty fix,
To live on rice and eat it with sticks?

ALL TOGETHER.
But the very best place in the world for me,
Is to be a child in this land of the free;
I wouldn't change for any I know,
And so I'm contented to grow and grow.

The Little Seed Sowers.

By Anna S. Hunt.

[It is suggested that in the following exercise the leader sit upon the platform, those answering her questions arranging themselves, six on each side, in a semi-circle. Those taking the parts, North, South, East, and West, should be singers. The banner may be inexpensive, — a shield of white cloth, lettered in gilt, "North America for Christ," with standard.]

Solo and chorus by certain ones who are out of sight,
"What shall the harvest be?" No. 79, Gospel Hymns,
Nos. 1-4.

Leader. Hark, I heard the sound of children's voices,
singing the song I love so well. Will any one tell me
whence they come, and who are the little singers?

I. I can tell you, — listen to me,
And the secret you shall know;
We are sowers for the Master,
Singing softly as we go.
Thousands more like us are busy,
In the Mission Bands to-day,
And our hearts are light and happy,
As we work, and sing, and pray.

Leader. But why did you become Seed Sowers, and
at whose command do you go forth?

II. We have heard from our parents and Sunday-school
teachers, and from those who know a great deal about
missionary work, how many children there are all over our
country who have never heard of Jesus. We want to do
all we can to let them know how he came to earth to be
their Saviour as well as ours. We do not think we are
too young to begin to obey his command to "preach the
gospel to every creature."

Leader. What kind of seed are you sowing?

III. [The one making response may have her Bible in
hand.] "The seed is the word of God." Luke 8 : 11.

We could scatter, as we journey,
Seeds to yield most precious grains;
Seeds in summer time to bring us
Sweetest blossoms for our pains.

But we gladly save our pennies,
Which the dollars make, you know,
And we send the missionaries
All the way of life to show.

So we think that we are sowing
Best of seed — God's holy Word —
Carried to the souls in darkness,
Who its truths have never heard.

Leader. When do you sow the seed?

IV. The Bible says, "In the morning sow thy seed,
and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou
knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or
whether they both shall be alike good." Eccl. 11 : 6.

Ere the ground has grown parched in the morning,
We sow with a liberal hand.
When the sun with his beams is adorning
The hills and the plains of our land.

But we know when the shadows are falling,
Our seed would be moist with the dew,
And we haste while the Master is calling,
And sow at the eventide, too.

Question. The world is very large, and the good seed
should be sown everywhere. In what special parts of the
field are you working?

V. Our work is in our own country, and our motto is,
"North America for Christ." We sow in the North,
South, East, and West. We are proud to be workers
under this banner, which tells us where, and in whose
name, we are sowing the seed.

[The one taking this part may take his or her place,
with the banner, behind the leader.]

Leader. What peoples do you find in these different
sections?

[Those representing the North and South come forward
together.]

VI.—The North. In the North are the Alaskans. Some
of them live in a land of ice and snow, where the cold is
always very great. Others have the same warm sunshine
and some of the beautiful flowers that we have. The
Russian priests have kept the people in ignorance, and
it will take a long time for the gospel seed to bring forth
much fruit.

But we hear the little children,
Stretching through the dark their hands,
Calling to us, and we answer,
From New England's Mission Bands:

We will send you faithful teachers,
They will give you love and care,
"In His name" they'll seek and save you
From your sorrow and despair.

VII.—The South. In the *South* are millions of colored children who are very needy. We have heard a great deal about the children of Cuba and Porto Rico, who are also south of us. Then there are a great many little Mexican children who must be taught that it is wrong to worship images and pictures, and to pray to the saints instead of to God.

North and South sing to the tune of
"When He comes to make up His jewels,"
No. 97, Gospel Hymns, Nos. 1-4.

We are sowing, we are sowing, good seed of the kingdom,
Through the Northland, through the Southland,
our hand sings its way.

CHORUS.

Send thy sunshine, dear Jesus, on seeds that we scatter,
Let them grow to rich harvest, our Saviour, we pray.

[East and West step forward.]

VIII.—The East. In the *East* the Seed Sowers find a great deal to do, because there are many French children in the New England States, and they have been under the power of the Roman Catholic priests as much as the children of Alaska and Mexico have been. We want to have Bible women and missionaries go among them and tell them about Jesus.

IX.—The West. In the *West* we find the children of the Indians, the Mormons, and the foreigners who have come to live in America. It is said that twenty-one millions of our population are foreigners, or the children of foreigners. A small part of them are in the Eastern and Middle States, but the most are in the Western. There are 1,264 languages and dialects spoken in America. We are told that a Japanese Mission has just been started in New York by the Baptists, and there are many Chinese there, and in our larger New England cities, but the great mass of them are in the States nearer the Pacific coast.

East and West sing.

We are sowing, we are sowing, East, West, on our mission,
While the Father o'er His children keeps watch night and day.

CHORUS.—Send thy sunshine, etc.

Leader. Since you cannot send your money directly to those of whom you have spoken, will you tell me how it is possible to reach them?

X. We can send our gifts to the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, whose headquarters are in Boston, and which supports teachers in nineteen schools, and sends out a Bible woman among the French.

Leader. Has our denomination any other society that is helping sow the gospel seed in America?

XI. Yes; the American Baptist Home Mission Society,

whose headquarters are in New York City, has many day schools and Sunday schools. It builds comfortable churches and pretty chapels every year, and last year it employed nearly four hundred missionaries and two hundred and



LANDING OF IMMIGRANTS IN BOSTON.

forty teachers. Every Sunday school is asked each year to help in the work.

Leader. In what other way is the gospel preached to the people, where there are no mission stations?

XII. Chapel cars sent forth by our Baptist Publication Society go out on different railroads, and men, women, and children walk many miles, and come in all sorts of wagons and carts to hear about the Bible.

Leader. Can the people who do not live near the railroads be reached?

XIII. We have read that in many places there are only trails and wagon-roads. California, for instance, has 55,000 miles of these roads and 20,000 miles of trail. A schoolhouse is found at an average distance of eleven miles. Within reach of these are nearly four hundred thousand people who have never heard of Christ. Gospel wagons carrying earnest workers, a small cabinet organ, Bibles, books, and tracts are found doing missionary work on these roads.

Ques. What promise have you as Seed Sowers for the Master?

Ans. [Scripture and verses in concert.] "He that goeth forth . . . bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Psalm 126: 6.

We shall come, because He says it,
If we bear the precious seeds,
With rejoicing we shall meet Him;
To His feet our pathway leads.

This the Lord of Harvest tells us,
Sheaves abundant shall be ours,
Singing, sowing, we are going
Through our happy childhood hours.

All sing "Bringing in the sheaves," No. 193, Gospel Hymns, No. 5.